UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Two Allegories

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Daniel Webster in Similar Circumstances

By EDWIN D. MEAD

The Story of My Mind—XI

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCV. MONDAY, MAY 11, 1925 NUMBER 11

NOT YET

The God of Bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me, on his rounds,
And said: "No more!"
—*Emerson.*

And I made bold to answer:
"My work is only play;
'My Father worketh hitherto,'
And I must work today."
—*David Starr Jordan.*

UNITY is fortunate in having a correspondent on the spot in Bulgaria in the person of its editorial representative, Mr. P. M. Matthéeff. We confidently expect that in due season, at least as soon as the censorship is lifted, he will send us a full and accurate account of what is now taking place in that unhappy country. Meanwhile no reports are to be trusted, as everything that has been coming to the outer world in the form of newspaper dispatches, etc., is, of course, under the control of the existing authorities. Anything unfavorable to the king and his government has, of course, been suppressed. Only one fact can be regarded as certain, and that is that a war of mutual extermination is on between the "white" government and the "red" revolutionists. Never was there a better example of the truth that violence breeds violence, as vines grow grapes and thistles thorns. For months, now, Bulgaria has been in the hands of a militaristic gang of cutthroats whose rule has been that of the naked sword. Sheer brute force has inevitably stirred up secret and violent conspiracy, with the awful result of the attack upon the king and the bombing of the Sofia cathedral. This outbreak of violence by the revolutionists has naturally brought on a reign of terror which has been staining the streets of city and village in recent weeks with blood. Thus does the rule of force swing full circle—the deed of horror on the one side answered by the deed of horror on the other! There is no solution of the problem along these lines. Murder and destruction will continue until revolution precipitates the nation into war, and then will come some such period of darkness and despair as that which covered the Balkans in the successive wars of the years preceding the Great War of 1914. It is in some such place as this, and in some such way, that the next war is going to burst forth upon Europe. It is a situation of unmitigated gloom, more especially as the League of Nations is as silent and helpless in this case as in every other which has threatened the peace of Europe since its organization.

The election of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg as President of the German Republic does not surprise us. Rather are we surprised that the margin of votes in his favor was so small. He is a minority president, with a vote which looks ridiculous as compared with the huge majority which Mr. Coolidge rolled up last fall. The factors which worked for Von Hindenburg's victory should be obvious. Thus, he was a soldier, the one heroic figure on the German side of the Great War; and Americans may well ask themselves, says the New York *Times,* "if *they* never went wild over a military hero and popular idol." Secondly, the Field Marshal was undoubtedly a representative of the long-accumulating indignation of the German people against the outrage of their treatment since Armistice Day. The Versailles Treaty, the Reparations Commission, the Saar, the Ruhr, the Silesian plebiscite, these are only a few of the injustices perpetrated upon a helpless people by the victorious Allies. Instead of supporting the moderate elements in the newly-born and fearfully weak Republic, the Allies have done everything conceivable to embarrass, humiliate and defeat them. France especially has been guilty of enormities which might well justify a more serious revolt than the election of a monarchist president. Even a worm will turn. What wonder that the Germans have taken this opportunity to defy and strike at their persecutors. More important than all things else, however, is the significance of this event as one more indication of the vast flood of reaction in which the world is now engulfed. La Follette defeated and Coolidge triumphant here in America, MacDonald down and Baldwin up in England, Herriot out and Painleve in across the channel in France, Vandervelde unable to form a cabinet in Belgium, Mussolini and Rivera still wielding the mailed fist respectively in Italy and Spain, Horthy ruling Hungary with rod of iron, "whites" butchering "reds" in Hungary without let or hindrance—what more natural climax than Hindenburg president of Germany. This stern soldier of the old regime fits the general European situation better than any other German of whom we can think.

The *Nation* and the *New Republic* rejoice over the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court

destroying the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations. We can feel no such satisfaction over this final outcome of an experiment which, however defective in its actual working out in this particular instance, still represented to our way of thinking the application of an absolutely sound principle to the vexing problem of relations between capital and labor. This principle is none other than that of the judicial settlement, under accepted codes of law and modes of court procedure, of disputes between classes in the industrial field—exactly the same principle which has brought peace out of disorder in disputes between individuals or groups of individuals in the social field, and the same principle which is alone trusted to give us peace in disputes between political states in the international field. Why the court method of hearing and ending quarrels, which has been used for centuries in the ordinary affairs of daily life, and which is now being projected as the one means of ending war and establishing peace between the great nations of the earth, should not be extended to the devastating contentions between the two great organized powers in modern industry we cannot understand. Liberals and radicals tell us it is wrong, but we remain absolutely unconvinced. Of course we see no final solution of the labor problem in the court idea, any more than we see a final solution of the problem of love and brotherhood in any ordinary court of law. The industrial problem will be settled only when capital and labor disappear, or are merged together, in one common co-operative service of the common weal, just as the human problem will be settled only when all men dedicate their lives to sacrifice and not to selfishness. What we need in both cases is revolution—the one outside and the other inside. But meanwhile, in both cases, we need something to keep us going, to hold things together. And a court is just this thing! Society advances just as fast and far as law is substituted for war.

That we are guilty of no unfairness to labor in thus supporting the industrial court idea, is proved by the fact that in Kansas the court was fought just as bitterly and determinedly by the employers as by the workers. In their opposition to this institution—established to represent an interest superior to them both, namely, the general public—capital and labor for once stood absolutely together. Indeed it was capital and not labor which carried the legal issue involved to the Supreme Court, and secured the decision which has thus destroyed the Kansas experiment. Of course, the inadequacies and inequities of the Industrial Court bore down much harder upon the trades unions than upon the great employing corporations. Such injustices and oppressions as were inevitably involved in the initial stages of such a pioneer venture, were felt first and most severely by labor. But this is nothing new or strange! Such fact constitutes no indictment of the basic principle involved. What it proves is simply that we are living in a society of capitalistic control—money rules!—and that in the working out of the institutional processes of this society, labor is always going to get the short end of the bargain. The logic of this dilemma is not the destruction of the Kansas Court, or any other particular institution as such, but the capture of the entire social structure by labor, and its rebuilding after the pattern of human need as contrasted with existing property interests and ideals. What labor in this country needs is a political philosophy—Socialism; and a political organization—a Labor Party. The sooner it stops haggling over hours here and wages there, the sooner it avoids the waste and failure of strikes, the sooner it stops fighting industrial courts and similar constructive measures of general public interest, and gives itself to the job of capturing the government, a la British Labor, the better for itself and for us all.

Gandhi's methods have been given a try-out in New York! It seems that some time ago the manufacturers and the workers in the ladies' garment trade made an agreement. This agreement was violated by certain unscrupulous manufacturers who sought to take advantage of the annual rush season in preparation for Easter. The workers then organized a "non-violent non-cooperative" movement. Every morning they went to their factories—30,000 women and girls!—and all day they sat at their machines with folded hands. No "scabs" could be put in their places, because the workers had not left them; they punched the time-clock bright and early. Nor was it possible to eject them, for whole regiments of police would be required to handle 30,000 workers. It was altogether a lovely situation—with the employers beaten the moment the fight began. *The Christian Century* calls this "a new kind of strike." It is this—and more, as man when he first appeared was a new kind of animal—and more! The strike as practiced in labor disputes for the last one hundred years is as wasteful as it is in itself evil. Its use as a weapon of revolt was probably inevitable, but it was crude at the best, and in these days of highly complex labor organization, it is altogether out of place. At bottom it is of course violence—a method of warfare in the industrial field. As such it is not the effective way to win a cause, and certainly not the right way. Now, in the passive resistance of these New York women, do we see another way! Here is a chance to "strike," if you will, without violence, hard feeling or disaster of any kind, and with a maximum guarantee of victory. It is the perfect application to the labor problem of the Gandhi method of revolution. We sometimes feel that, apart from his work in the spiritual field as a saint and a brother to the down-trodden, Gandhi's chief claim to immortality will rest upon his foundation of the social technique of non-resistance.

We present herewith a statement of "darkest America!" Tennessee has just passed a law prohibiting the teaching of evolution in the public schools. Three years ago Kentucky defeated a similar measure by a margin of only one vote. In North Carolina, in January, 1924, the Board of Education, headed by the Governor, voted against teaching the theory of evolution in the schools of the state, and also voted to bar from the list of biologies used in the state high schools all text-books which "in any way intimate an origin of the human race other than that contained in the Bible." A bill embodying these recommendations is now before the legislature. The Florida legislature in 1923 passed a similar resolution. Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky have laws requiring the reading of the Bible in the public schools, and providing for the discharge and revocation of the certificate of a teacher who does not conform to the act. Similar bills have been introduced in the legislatures of Virginia, Texas, Ohio, New Jersey and Washington. A resolution authorizing a legislative investigation of the political affiliation of members of the faculties of the state universities was introduced in the Ohio legislature on March 25, aimed obviously at ousting radicals. This was happily killed by the Senate committee to which it was referred. A rider to the appropriation bill for the support of the Missouri state colleges and schools, passed and signed by the Governor, forbids the employment of any person "who teaches or advocates in public or private that the citizens of this state should not protect the government of the United States from aggression by other nations." This measure was passed without an opposing vote. A rider to the 1925 Congressional appropriation bill for the District of Columbia provides "that no part of this sum shall be available for the payment of the salary of any superintendent, etc. . . . who permits the teaching of partisan politics, disrespect of the Holy Bible, or that ours is an inferior form of government." Here is work for the Association of University Professors. By the way, where is this Association, and what is it doing!

The Bishop Brown episode in New York was one of amazing interest and significance. Developments from day to day were like the scenes of a well-constructed drama. Scene I—Bishop William Montgomery Brown arrives in New York in answer to an invitation by Dr. Guthrie, of St. Marks, to speak in his pulpit at a Sunday afternoon symposium. Scene II—Bishop Manning forbids Dr. Guthrie to allow the heretical Bishop Brown to speak. Scene III—Dr. Guthrie declares that Bishop Brown shall speak whatever the cost. Scene IV—Dr. Guthrie finally defers in courtesy to Manning, and Bishop Brown is left in silent meditation. Scene V—Mr. Holmes of the Community Church, Mr. Springer of the Fourth Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, Mr. Potter of the West Side Unitarian Church, Manhattan, invite Bishop Brown to their pulpits. Scene VI—Bishop Brown comes to the Community Church and delivers his message to a fraction of the great throng which tried to get inside of the portals of the church. Scene VII—Bishop Brown returns home, with New York City still standing, and even the Episcopal churches intact! As one looks back upon this drama, certain points are clear. First, Bishop Brown, still a member of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church in good and regular standing, still clothed in all the authority and prerogatives of his great office, was denied a hearing by a fellow Bishop who chose thus to do what the church has not done and may not do. Bishop Brown met this insult and outrage with the lovely Christian spirit which has from the beginning characterized his life. The liberal religious forces of New York reacted to the situation with that fidelity to the ideal of freedom in religion which glorifies their history. The newspapers and general public of the city responded with an unusual vigor to the appeal for justice and fair play. Discredit falls only upon the Episcopal Church and its Bishop in the New York diocese.

Two Allegories

I.—The Highway of Life

Along the Highway of Life walked two travelers. Alluring, well-worn bypaths were on either side. As they journeyed, they read the sign posts which marked the great highway. They came on their journey to a great mountain, at whose foot was a sign post marked only with a great hand that pointed up, straight up over huge rocks and across great ravines and through dense thickets unto the very top.

Then one of the travelers said: "The way is hard." The other said: "The way is straight." The first one said: "But here is a road, wide and level, worn smooth by many feet. On either side are beautiful trees, and in the distance I hear the sound of waterfalls. This path leads around the mountain. Why climb the steep cliffs? Let us keep on the level. Why endure the hardships of the heights? Why not enjoy the beauty of the valley?" His comrade replied: "So far the sign posts have led us straight. Our way is upward, obeying the sign posts on the highway of life." So he started on the toilsome climb.

His comrade, with light heart, turned aside into the

path worn smooth by many feet. Birds sang, flowers bloomed, soft breezes whispered in the trees that overhung each side of the level way. As he walked, the way became more rough. No sign posts marked his course. Bypaths ran off in innumerable directions. Soon he found himself in a thicket. Then he sank to his knees in a slimy bog. Repulsive reptiles were on every hand. Horrid serpents showed their heads in the moor. The trees grew more dense. Soon the light of day almost disappeared. He struggled onward, stumbling and falling. His body was torn by thorns. His limbs were bruised by the huge roots over which he tripped. The paths had entirely disappeared. There was no human sign to guide him onward. He became tired in mind as well as in body. Then he became weary in soul. There was no way out except to find the high ground.

He turned toward the mountain, and when he emerged from the swamp he found there at the foot of the mountain another sign post on which was a hand pointing silently yet absolutely upward, upward. He rested for a bit on a bare rock, and then with new courage began the toilsome climb. For a time he found no other indications that human life had passed before him on the way. But the hideous swamp he must leave behind, so ever onward he toiled until he came to another sign post bearing a hand, and looking back down the mountain he saw stretching far away into the distance the straight highway of life over which but yesterday he had traveled. He saw the sign posts left by men who had journeyed before him.

He looked up, and saw a way steep yet straight, leading to the mountain top, marked every now and then by sign posts bearing the silent hand which ever pointed to the top. With new courage and a new faith, he renewed his upward journey. After hours of climbing he found the top, and from it caught a glimpse of the celestial vision, the vision which his comrade had seen before him.

II—The Standard-Bearer

A vast and mighty army lay encamped on the edge of a wide plain. The faces of the men were grave, for on the morrow the battle would be fought. Around the leader a company of captains was gathered. They held serious and weighty counsel. The coming day would decide the fate of a great cause. Responsibility almost too heavy for mortal man lay upon those men of wisdom and of power.

As they took counsel together, a youth, pale and weak, sought to enter the circle of the council. The guards seized him and roughly pushed him aside. Why should this boy disturb the great ones? But the leader, tender of heart, called to the guard to release the boy, and admit him into the circle.

Then this wise and tender man bade the boy speak his word. The lad stood erect, thrusting his shoulders back, and looking into the leader's eyes said in quiet but firm tones: "I come to ask that I, too, may be of service in the great cause." And the guards laughed a loud guffaw, the captains smiled, but the great leader said gently: "My lad, you are but a stripling, you are weak and I see you are lame, you cannot be of any service in the battle." The lad replied: "Oh, my Captain, tomorrow in the awful conflict you will need every man who is tried and true and strong. I cannot fight, but I beg of you let me be your Standard-Bearer, place me at the rallying-point, let me hold aloft the banner which shall signal to your mighty army on every hand the place to which they must gather. I cannot strike down the warriors of the enemy, but I can hold aloft the standard of our cause."

So the leader made the lad his standard-bearer, and on the morrow he stood with the white standard of the great cause on a high rock at the very center of the conflict. The crash of arms came, onslaught followed onslaught, men were mown down like grass before the reaper. Captain after captain fell in the thick of the fight. The great leader himself was struck down, and yet above the dust of battle still there floated on the breeze the white standard of the great cause. So long as it waved, men knew no defeat. So long as they could see it, the soldiers of the cause were not disheartened. Wounded and beaten down again and again, still the lad held aloft that white banner. When the sun went down, the soldiers of the cause sang songs of victory. The standard was the ideal.

Arthur L. Weatherly.

Jottings

May 4th marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Huxley. Unity is collecting material for a memorial issue which will be published later this month.

History repeats itself! It was in 1876 that William Ewart Gladstone stirred the world with his denunciation of "Bulgarian atrocities."

It is curious how, in all matters of discovery, the "break" comes at the same time in different places. Darwin and Wallace discovered the formula of evolution together, without either knowing what the other was doing. Captain Scott arrived at the south pole only to find that Amundsen had preceded him by a few weeks. The original discoverers of ether and of the telephone were long in dispute. Now three men, representing as many different countries, are preparing

to reach the north pole by flying.

In all our experience we have never heard so much talk about a problem with so little result, as in the case of the automobile. Everybody declares that something must be done—but WHAT?

The Christian Century tells of a merger of two Presbyterian churches in Detroit, in which but 400 of the 1002 members of one of the congregations entered the united church. The explanation offered by the minister is that the membership of this congregation "was a greatly exaggerated one." He adds his conviction that a re-enrolment of the membership of any church at ten-year intervals would show a "terrible shrinking of the actual membership." This is a precise confirmation of what we have always asserted in these columns. Deflate church membership statistics by not less than fifty per cent, and you begin to approach the real facts!

This year (1925) marks the 400th anniversary of William Tyndale's translation of the Greek New Testament into English. This was a great event in the history of religious freedom, and it should be fittingly commemorated. J. H. H.

American Notes

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Dr. Charles W. Eliot was for many years the distinguished president of Harvard University. For a score of years he has been one of America's "grand old men" who dispense wisdom and tell the present generation what to read and how to live. Here is his last declaration about America's "destiny." He says America must

> serve the enlightened common interests of mankind by advocating steadily for all the world federalism, elastic and progressive law, cooperative management and discipline in machinery industries, the emancipation of children from fear, harsh domination and premature labor, the furtherance of preventative medicine and public health, and the opening for everybody of the delightful and sustaining vision of freedom, aspiration, and hope.

This is doubtless a good expression of American "idealism" and of the heart of the land which is sound, but the masses who are chasing the base-ball now that the "season" has opened, who are dancing the jazz and playing the markets, probably never heard of Dr. Eliot, to say nothing of America's "destiny." To know America, one must be acquainted with her idealism that has come down from the Puritans, and her materialism, which is highly developed and commercialized,—the two ever waging a conflict within her. There are "two sides to the shield" and any correct view of America must include them both.

Some figures have recently come to me which present a contrast between Canada and the States. They are to the effect that in Canada 92 per cent of the farmers own their farms, while in the United States only 62 per cent own their land. For independence and happiness the Canadian farmer seems to have the best of it, for it means that in America 38 per cent of the farmers are paying rent as tenants. . . Speaking of Canada, I am reminded that while recently on a visit across the border I found that the sentiment favorable to the "League of Nations" was many-fold stronger than here in America. One rarely hears mention of the League in the States, while I heard it discussed a number of times in a short visit to Canada. For example, I heard of college professors "never missing a chance to bring the subject to the attention of their classes." There seemed to be a widespread endeavor (for on noticing this contrast just over the border I began to make inquiry) to promote the idea. The same thing has been done I believe all over the British dominion, revealing probably that the British have a reason for keeping the League alive while the Americans have no reasons. Having revealed the facts as regards different attitudes, I leave it to my readers to discover the reasons. While in Canada I found many of its residents complaining that the citizens of Canada were not as progressive as the Americans. It is perfectly natural that American life should be "dominated" by the big Republic, since the States now enroll 113,000,000 citizens, while Canada has less than a tenth. For example, the very power of numbers has practically forced the Canadians, contrary to good old British custom, to "turn to the right" on highways and side-walks. Some of the Canadians I met declared that peace sentiment was much stronger in the States than in the Dominion. They said,

> Here we are tied up with the imperial idea that comes forth from the home-land, and we are afraid to open our mouths, while in the States you have the Quakers (starting with the William Penn settlement) in the east, in the middle west, at Chicago, is Jane Addams,—and on the Pacific slope is David Starr Jordan.

I had to admit some things to the credit of the States, and then I began to point to some things in which Canada led. I will not relate my discussions on the best ways of handling the "liquor traffic." Neither country is "out of the woods" far enough to permit boasting. I will say that I met many Canadians who felt that "prohibition in the States" was much better than the Canadian way of "government ownership and management of the traffic." There are just as many in the States who are sure that the Canadian way is better. In both cases it seems to be a matter of "distance lending enchantment." Both countries are in the "social experience" of dealing with one of the great modern evils. My own thought is, success to all good men and women who are spending time, money and energy in making the world sober. In mentioning some things to the credit of the Canadians, I referred to greater advancement in religious thinking. Canadian ministers are undoubtedly a score of years in advance of their fellow preachers, in the States, in theological thinking. This is due to the fact that all Canada, even as far west as Vancouver, B. C. imports its theology direct from Oxford and Cambridge, while the theology of the States is a conglomeration of Puritanism, the South in Slavery, and the Back-woodsism of pioneer life, that was made while fighting the Indians and subduing the Frontier. There are more "isms" for example in a city like Los Angeles than may be found anywhere else in the world. A man like William Jennings Bryan—out

fighting evolution and warmly applauded by multitudes —would be impossible in Canada. Again, the Labor movement in Canada is far in advance of the Labor movement in the States. In Canada, Labor is intelligent, has a "place in the sun" socially and politically, while in the States Labor has no power, socially or politically, and the workers might truthfully be described, socially, politically and intellectually as cheap imitations of petty capitalists. Canada has many good solid achievements to her credit, and her people will undoubtedly play an important part in the development of the continent.

Dr. Harry F. Ward is one of the best type of Americans. He resides in New York, his main work being that of teacher in Union Seminary. He represents the forces of progress. He is a Methodist. He wrote the famous (in church circles) social creed of 1909, which has been the inspirer of thousands of similar creeds throughout the country. He has been a hard fighter for the good old Anglo-Saxon right of free speech, so generally denied in America during the past decade. He is quite on the front line when liberty and intelligence are attacked. He reminds one of the spirit of Whittier and Lincoln. I am referring to him now, because he is in Japan, doing what some of the best Americans are striving to do, viz., trying to interpret the mind of America to the Japanese. Reports come that he has been heard many times and his words have been given in full on the front pages of the papers, whose readers number millions. He spoke six times at the leading college in Kobe; seven times at the Doshisha University in Kyoto; once at the Kyoto Buddhist University in Kyoto; and in similar places in Tokyo some scores of times. He had just come from Russia and the people were keen to hear of Russia. Dr. Ward represents millions in America in their attitude toward Japan and the problems of the Pacific, and their number is growing. The majority of the American people are in favor of restricting Oriental immigration almost to the vanishing point but just as large a majority is in favor of fair play and treatment of all nationals, and especially of securing an intelligent understanding of other nations, and of working for peace on the Pacific. So far, however, it is the noisy and belligerent who have made themselves heard.

Speaking of peace on the Pacific reminds me that the American navy is making a big noise just now around the Hawaiian Islands. The navy is engaged in "peace time activities" by trying to "capture the islands." The great majority, referred to, are quietly making fun of the whole business. The navy men as usual are taking themselves seriously and in press and on platform are intimating that the two things for which the United States have stood—the Monroe doctrine and the "open door," which the navy men do not seem to think are self exclusive—must be supported by a strong navy. They are preaching that our foreign policies are no stronger than our fleet. But my readers are familiar with the argument, that a navy is necessary for the protection of business in a foreign country, and that God can not save a nation that is not adequately armed. Military men are saying these things with a good deal of noise, while millions of good citizens are thinking otherwise. And is the "fleet" going to Australia? If so, one hears little about it here. If so, there will be a great deal of grief over its being an unnecessary expense as well as being a "provocative gesture." Should the "fleet" go to Australia, there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who would be glad to have Bernard O'Dowd republish the poem he published on the occasion of the former visit of the fleet. I think it is one of the best little poems of the kind that I have read. Do you recall it? Let me refresh your memory.

TRUE AMERICA'S MESSAGE

Our manlier spirits hear and will obey
The Word *you* waft Australia o'er the sea—
"Be true, be brave, be merciful, be free!"
Not you, who, braggart, sent this wan array
Of hell-ships vomiting their Will-to-Slay,
These armoured Hates and pallid Envies we,
'Mid rattled mobs and flags hysteric, see
Tarnish the chaste horizon of our Bay:
But *you* we hear, our Comrades of the Cause,
Who face hyena Mammon in his den;
And *you*, who dared your seas of blood to spill
To drag the swooning slave from vampire jaws:
Yea, *you* who freed unborn Australia, when
You singed King George's beard at Bunker's Hill.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Daniel Webster in Similar Circumstances

The Press of the country has earned the gratitude of our people, and proved its salutary power, by the way in which it has made itself the effective agent of public opinion and conscience in the Karolyi matter, where the government so lamentably "fell down." The action of our State Department was contrary to every high American tradition; and Americans are humiliated by the fact that the great Hungarian patriot and republican was not permitted to open his mouth on European politics in New York or Washington, while he may speak freely in London and Montreal. The difference between 1850 and 1925 is the measure of our degradation. The Karolyi of 1850 was Louis Kossuth; and our Secretary of State was Daniel Webster.

When the Hungarian revolution under Kossuth failed in its struggle against Austrian tyranny, overwhelmed by the combined armies of Austria and Russia, Kossuth and his associates took refuge in Turkey. The Russian government demanded their surrender. Then (November 7, 1849) Daniel Webster spoke in Boston. He was not then Secretary of State, but Senator from Massachusetts. He said:

> We have all had our sympathies enlisted in the Hungarian effort for liberty. We have all wept at its failure. Despotic power from abroad intervened to suppress the hope of free government in Hungary. The emperor of Russia demands that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up to be dealt with at his pleasure. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power, and that is the aroused indignation of the civilized world. If the emperor of Russia shall so violate national law as to seize these Hungarians and execute them, he will stand as a criminal and malefactor in the view of the public law of the world. The whole world will be the tribunal to try him, and he must abide its judgment.

Zachary Taylor was then President of the United States. He did not wait for some Hungarian republican to get to the United States to tell of the situation, with (had it been 1925) the risk of suppression. He believed that he interpreted aright the sympathy and the will of the American people by sending an agent to Hungary for accurate information about the progress of the revolution; and presently (1850) he avowed to

Congress his intention to have acknowledged the independence of Hungary if she had succeeded in setting up a government. The Austrian government was enraged; and its representative at Washington, Mr. Hulsemann sent a vigorous protest to our government. This was just as President Taylor died and Millard Fillmore succeeded him and made Webster Secretary of State. It therefore fell to Webster to reply to the Austrian protest. His famous letter to Hulsemann was dated December 21, 1850; and it was a firm and thorough statement of the relation of the United States toward the people of other countries which might be seeking through successful revolution to establish free institutions similar to those that had attended the achievement of our own independence. Mr. Webster informed the Austrian government, through its representative, that we recognized the right of Austria, as of every nation, to any government and institutions that its people sanctioned. That was our right. Austria and Russia moreover, with the other autocracies of Europe, had during the American and French revolutions and the establishment of our republic exercised the privilege of warning their people against the new democratic ideas that were menacing the old order. We equally believed that the old autocratic system was a hindrance to human progress; and wherever we saw democratic aspirations and efforts emerging, we heartily greeted them, and so far as we could do so consistently with international obligations our people would always heartily support them.

Webster's emphatic utterance stirred our people to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, intensifying their already intense sympathy with the Hungarian republicans; and its effect in Europe was prodigious. Mr. Hulsemann at once resigned. This was a new tone in the language of diplomacy. Mr. Webster wrote to George Ticknor Curtis: "If you say that my letter is boastful and rough, I shall not deny it. I thought it well enough to speak out and tell the people of Europe who and what we are." He had written the draft of the letter in the white heat of the devotion to liberty and humanity in which Washington and Franklin and Jefferson laid the foundations of the republic; and he afterwards wrote: "I wrote it at my parental home in New Hampshire, among the mountains. Nothing saluted my senses or my mind but freedom, full and entire; and while the sun and moon endure, I stand by the principles of that letter." He held the principles of the Holy Alliance to be at war with the inviolable rights of mankind, and that the central principles of our own Declaration of Independence commanded us to declare this to the world.

Webster was not content with making speeches. He opened negotiations with the Constantinople government, and finally, in the teeth of Austrian and Russian opposition, secured its permission to the release of Kossuth for refuge in the United States, sending an American frigate to convey him. In the time of Daniel Webster we imported Hungarian democrats by government boat, instead of exporting them to Canada to talk their democracy.

Kossuth arrived in New York in October, 1851; and his stay in America was an uninterrupted triumph, paralleled only by the welcome to Lafayette twenty-five years before, in which also Webster took so conspicuous a part. He was welcomed to the capital of the United States by the votes of the two Houses of Congress. President Fillmore, who stood firmly with Webster in his whole course in the matter, received him most cordially and invited him to dinner; and Webster himself made the principal speech at the great Washington banquet.

"We acclaim here," he said, "the pleasure with which we receive him to the shores of this free land, this asylum of oppressed humanity. The effect of this reception can not but have its influence beyond the ocean, among countries where our principles and sentiments are either generally unknown or generally disliked. Let it be borne on the winds of heaven that the sympathies of the government of the United States and all the people of the United States have been attracted toward a nation struggling for national independence and towards those of her sons who have most distinguished themselves in that struggle. Let it go out, let it be proclaimed in thunder-tones, let it open the ears of the deaf, let it open the eyes of the blind; let it be everywhere proclaimed what we of this great republic think of the principles of human liberty."

We had no wish to dictate to any people its form of government; we purposed no intervention in foreign conflicts; but if Hungary, when she achieved her independence, chose republican institutions like our own, it would be to us the source of profound satisfaction.

This is hackneyed history; but our people will not remember it. We have been taught all the lessons necessary for our guidance; but we will not heed them. Count Karolyi is today's Kossuth, and should make the same appeal to our people that the earlier great Hungarian made, even if not so dramatic a figure. In truth I believe he does make that appeal to our people and that they feel overwhelmingly that their government has not rightly represented them in the matter. We have no desire to intervene in Hungarian politics, any more than Daniel Webster had. But we do have the same right which he bravely exercised to express our sympathies; and I believe that few Americans have any sympathy with the present Horthy regime in Hungary, a stop-gap military regency with eyes open for some propitious king. Karolyi, like Kossuth, sacrificed everything and became an exile in order to promote democratic principles and establish a republic in Hungary.

It is more than ever the right and the duty of lovers of freedom and justice in every land to make themselves felt in behalf of freedom and justice everywhere and to help make the world safe for democracy. It behooves America especially to remember always the power of foreign reinforcement. French money and the forces of Rochambeau and DeGrasse helped win our independence; and perhaps our most decisive battles were those waged by our friends in the British Parliament. Pitt "rejoiced that America had resisted"; Horace Walpole "thanked God" for the news from Saratoga; and Fox declared that the ministers ought to be sent to the scaffold. Had these men been in America in 1917 and talked as they talked in England in 1775, they would all have been sent to Atlanta with Debs.

When the Palmerston government was clearly hostile to us in the Civil War, when even Gladstone said, that Jefferson Davis had established a nation, the launching of confederate cruisers in English yards was winked at, and it was evident that the English people did not understand what the war was about. Henry Ward Beecher went over to tell them, and great audiences packed the halls of Manchester, Birmingham and London to hear him. Did Palmerston and Russell tell him he must not discuss American politics in England, and ask him to move on to Holland? They let him alone; and he wrought a revolution in English feeling.

It is this robustness in English practice and the English mind which is England's glory and her strength. She has too great confidence in her institutions and in the loyalty of her people to shiver at spooks. Bishop

Babcock tells of going to Hyde Park one afternoon a few years ago to hear some of the agitators who are eloquent in Hyde Park. One meeting was for a crusade against the British constitution, the House of Lords and the rest. "What do you want?" said the sturdy policeman at the Corner, trying to guide the various streams of the rushing crowd. "To overthrow the Government? Go that way."

That is magnificent. The most depressing thing in our political life in the last dozen years is the decay of robustness and moral courage. There is no sort of man so dangerous in the republic as the Mitchell Palmer sort, who sees scarecrows in every gathering of unorthodox and irregular folk and knows of no safety but to lock them up. We shudder lest some Karolyi may involve us in some unpleasantness with some Horthy. The students of Boston University and Harvard have their comic papers suppressed because one makes fun of the compulsory military training which the students hate and the other hangs the flag indecorously in its "Washington Crossing the Delaware." A Patterson judge has sentenced Roger Baldwin to jail for six months for attempting to read the Bill of Rights aloud on the steps of the Town Hall without a permit. Let the young people alone. If Roger Baldwin technically violated some petty prescription, fine him a dollar. These performances do not matter. What does matter is that the students and their thousand friends be filled with resentment at extravagant and arbitrary martinets. Karolyi's most radical word could do us no harm. What will do harm is his report to Europe that Jefferson's and Webster's America no longer cares for free speech. Our republic was never so safe as today, never so strong in the love and loyalty of its people. There are not a thousand men in New York or Chicago who really wish its institutions ill. The way to multiply them is to tag them with bad names and drive them into corners and the dark. If I could have my way, there should be a public hall in Madison Square at the free disposal every Sunday afternoon of every group that wants to "overthrow the government." Nothing but talk of violence or force should check free speech; and in winter the hall should be well warmed. Communists, Bolshevists, and all horned cattle should be welcome; and when the great democratic crowd saw how inconsiderable they were, they would cease to be terrible. I think that Thomas Jefferson would approve this.

Boston, Mass. EDWIN D. MEAD.

The Story of My Mind

XI

It was the earnest acceptance of the teachings of the Transcendentalists, and this enthusiastic admiration for the movement which they represented and interpreted, which led me to turn my steps toward Boston and Concord when I found that I must retire from the work I had undertaken in Indianapolis. I had wished at the very beginning of my preaching to find a home in New England, but various circumstances prevented. Now I turned again that way, in order that I might find leisure for study, and that I might secure a more permanent opportunity for the work I was capable of undertaking, though I had no high estimate of what I might be able to accomplish.

In the spring of 1880 I visited Boston for the second time, having spent a fortnight there while a resident of Grand Haven. When I presented myself at the headquarters of the denominational activities I was met with this declaration:

> "I hear that you are interested in Emerson. We regard his teachings as detrimental to the welfare of the churches. Only the small and remoter congregations are willing to hear anyone who has been influenced by his theories."

I recompensed myself for this declaration by a visit to Concord, where Edward Emerson took me to call on his father. When he learned that I was from the west, Emerson said to me:

> I have always preferred to lecture in the western country. People there are wide-awake and inquisitive, and I am always pleased to speak to them because they are receptive of mind and anxious to hear new things.

My call was a short one, and the conversation brief; but I had met face to face the living man I then most admired, and whose teachings had made the profoundest impression upon me.

I returned to Indianapolis until the first of July, when I again made my way to Concord to attend the second session of the Concord School of Philosophy. It had been a dream of Emerson, Alcott, and others, that some day they might gather a company of inquirers in some quiet locality for the study of philosophy in the manner which would be congenial to their habits of thought. As early as 1840 Emerson wrote to Margaret Fuller of such a scheme, outlining the studies which might be undertaken, and suggesting Ripley, Hedge, Parker, Alcott, and himself, as the lecturers. For himself he proposed Beaumont and Fletcher, Percy's Reliques, Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres. To Alcott he assigned Psychology, Ethics, and the Ideal Life. Nothing came of this scheme until the summer of 1878, when Hiram K. Jones, a physician of Bloomington, Illinois, and a student of Plato, spent some months in Concord. The plan was then revived, and in the summer of 1879 a small company met from day to day for a few weeks at the Orchard House, where Alcott had lived. Sitting on the grass under the trees, or gathered into the house in bad weather, this group discoursed of philosophy, Plato, Transcendentalism, and other high themes. Alcott held conversations on the origin and nature of evil, William T. Harris lectured on the principles of philosophy, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney discoursed of art, Dr. Jones interpreted Platonism, David A. Wasson considered the State and its functions, and there were one or two lectures by several other persons.[1]

At the second session, in the summer of 1880, the meetings were held in what was called the Wayside Chapel, a plain board structure, which would seat about one hundred persons, built with money provided by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, a philanthropic woman in New York. I spent the summer in Concord, and heard most of the lectures delivered by Alcott, Harris, Denton J. Snider, William Henry Channing, Elisha Mulford, Cyrus Bartol, David A. Wasson, and several other idealists, including Emerson. My impressions of the school were not altogether favorable, for, while I admired Emerson, I could not follow all which was said by the group of men gathered in Concord. My scientific turn of mind, the conviction I had that all facts of life must be brought to the ultimate test of the scientific

[1] A brief sketch of the school is in "The Genius and Character of Emerson," edited by Sanborn; also biographies of Emerson and Alcott.

method, made me distrustful of these high philosophic conclusions, stated in terms which removed the thinking far from the experiences of every-day life. This feeling I expressed in a letter to the *Christian Register,* in which I criticized the school in rather severe terms. This was replied to by Elizabeth H. Peabody, who defended the school in words of warmest praise.

I was much impressed, nevertheless, by much of what I heard at Concord. Many of the persons of whom I had known for many years, and for whom I had conceived the highest respect, were among the lecturers as named above. Later came William James and John Fiske, with others who held a high place in literature and philosophy. I gave two lectures before the school, one on "Emerson's View on Nationality," and one on "The Poetry of Robert Browning." I attended some of the lectures in the succeeding summers, but I was not able to hear all of them. The general effect of my rather intimate contact with this group of men was to increase my faith in the transcendental manner of thinking regarding religion and the problems of life generally. I came to believe more strongly than ever in a church without creed and ritual, and in the utmost liberty of the individual soul to seek truth for itself. The saying of Lessing in his "Wolfenbütel Fragments," that he should prefer the search for truth to the truth completed, if God were to offer him his choice between the two, I accepted as expressing my own attitude of mind at this time.

While I was in Concord, during the summer and autumn of 1880, I saw much of Bronson Alcott, and had many conversations with him. He showed me the long row of his journals, which included some thirty-five or forty volumes. In these he had written down his thoughts and experiences, and he had included with them a great number of newspaper cuttings, everything concerning himself and Emerson, and whatever interested him in the events of the day. He greatly prized these journals, and spoke of them as a mother would of her child, as if they were a part of himself. He also expounded to me his philosophy in detail, especially his theory of the Lapse. He owed that to Plotinus and Proclus, though he had given it a character of his own—Americanized it, as it were. At first, he said, there were only holy beings; but desire, lust, and ambition beset some of them, and they fell from their holy estate, with the result that the material world came into existence as the expression of their corrupted nature. The descent was from spirit to matter, and the return or ascent must be from matter to spirit. Those who would recover the lost holiness must reascend to it reversely by the same stages as the descent. Holding to the theory of an original perfection, Alcott said: "Greater is he who is above temptation than he who being tempted overcomes."

This theory of the universe has some phases of an evolution philosophy. Alcott was of the opinion that the physical world came into existence as the result of the lapse, and expresses the real nature of that preference for things material and sensuous. Man not only drags himself down by his lapse, but he also gives origin to the animal world—"the effigies and vestiges of his individual and shattered personality." This Neo-Platonism, which has many affinities with the teachings of Pythagoras, Jamblicus, Boehme, and Swedenborg, made Alcott a very strange character in New England. He brought to his time a philosophy wholly unlike its own, and he was laughed at and ridiculed when he published in the *Dial* his Orphic Sayings, which were as oracular and transcendental as could be well imagined.

Alcott told me of his communistic experiment at Fruitlands, and the cause of its failure. He related to me, also, the attempts of Thoreau to protest against slavery, and his going to jail because of his refusal to pay a poll-tax in support of a government which would permit slavery to exist. Alcott said to me with simplicity and evident sincerity, that he had come to see the error of these extreme measures, to think that Thoreau's protest was of necessity ineffective, and that his own communal attempt to correct existing evils in the social order could not lead to a betterment of conditions.

Some years later, on a Sunday when I was in Concord, I dined with Mr. Alcott, and his daughter Louisa was the only other person with us. The conversation was led by him, and it was little else than a monologue, as was his wont when a good listener would give him an attentive hearing. Miss Alcott came into the conversation, which largely turned about Emerson and his teachings, only with the question, "What would you think of putting Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister' into the hands of a young girl?" I replied that it was not the book I would select for such a purpose, when she added, "It was what Mr. Emerson gave me when I was little more than a child." According to Mrs. Cheney, in the "Life, Letters, and Journals," this was when Miss Alcott was sixteen.

In the summer of 1880 I heard it reported that when Miss Alcott informed a friend that she was going away for a vacation, she was met with the protest, "How can you leave your father's School of Philosophy, in which he is deeply interested!" It was said that she replied, "Oh, I have had enough of my father's philosophy." An anecdote related to me by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney would indicate that this was not the only attitude which Miss Alcott held towards the philosophy of her father. At one of Alcott's conversations, when he was expounding his doctrine of the temperaments, and put forth a favorite saying of his that the blonde temperament is angelic and the brunette demonic, he directed his statement at William Batcheler Greene, who was not only very dark in complexion, but had the reputation of having a mind in the highest degree logical. Greene had been a soldier, a Unitarian clergyman, and then became a communist. Alcott described the demonic man as being strong, with dark eyes and hair, with great energy and will power, his eyes full of fire. This portrait was a good one of Greene, who sat immediately in front of the speaker. The company present saw the application being made, and waited eagerly for the outcome of the encounter sure to result. Alcott went on, "The demonic man is logical, loves disputation and argument, he smokes," etc. Then Greene asked, "But has not the demonic man his value?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "the demonic man is good in his place, very good—he is good to build railroads; but I do not like to see him in pulpits, begging Mr. Greene's pardon." Then Greene began to ask questions, which Alcott answered calmly and smilingly. But these questions were subtly logical and calculated to wind the speaker up until he confessed to absurdities and was evidently defeated. The combat went on, and with a growing interest on the part of the audience. Just as Greene had brought his victim to a *reductio ad absurdum,* Alcott soared away into one of the most eloquent of his flights of impressive speaking,

leaving Greene and his logical apparatus quite out of sight. When Mrs. Cheney asked Miss Alcott what good angel saved her father from the merciless defeat Greene had prepared for him, she replied, "Oh, he knew well enough what he was about."

I saw much of Elizabeth P. Peabody in Concord during this summer, and later on in Boston. She was a woman of much learning, had been a Boston bookseller and publisher, and for two years managed the publication of the *Dial,* knew intimately all the Transcendentalists, and was the leader in introducing the kindergarten into this country. She was a regular attendant on the School of Philosophy, often took part in its conversations, and was at a few sessions one of the lecturers. I called upon her one morning to ask her some questions about Emerson. This was at eight o'clock, and it was many minutes after twelve before I was able to escape from her steady outpouring of anecdotes and reminiscences. I had but to ask a question now and then to keep in steady flow her unceasing stream of talk. She gradually moved away from Emerson to her never-failing subject, the kindergarten, how she had become interested in it, the efforts she was compelled to make in order to gain for it recognition; and the marvellous value it had in the education of the young. One of the stories she told me about Emerson, of which I have now only the faintest recollection, the Emerson family reported as without basis in truth. Some months later, when I had gone to live in Dedham, Miss Peabody gave me her interpretation of Christ as a child, and said that if I would present it in a Christmas sermon, she would secure its publication in some Boston newspaper. While I gladly listened to Miss Peabody's conversation, which was always interesting and informing, though not always strictly truthful, as to her reminiscences regarding the persons she had known, I was not prepared to present her religious ideas as my own.

During my stay in Concord, and also in succeeding years, I heard much about Thoreau from those who knew him intimately. Edward Waldo Emerson was then a Concord physician, and he frequently took me about with him on his country rides to visit his patients. On these occasions Thoreau was often the subject of our conversations. Thoreau had lived in the Emerson house when Edward was a boy, and their acquaintance became very close and intimate. The boy looked up with the greatest admiration and affection to the man who knew every kind of woodcraft, who could teach him every sort of outdoor sport, mend his sled, make for him bows and arrows, and lead him anywhere through field and wood. I heard only praise of Thoreau from this quarter, and praise which was at once capable of being critical and appreciative.

From older residents of Concord I heard of Thoreau as one who had not settled down to thrifty New England habits of work and money-making. By these persons he was regarded as a tramp or vagabond, even though they might have for him much admiration; and they reported that he could very well live in his hut at Walden when he came every day into the village and carried away gifts from the good housewives, which included ample stores of all kinds and delicacies, and especially cookies, pies, and doughnuts. This Concord gossip afforded often no intimation of Thoreau's genius, only hints of his laziness, his vagabondage, and his peculiarities. Some years later I sent to the New York *Independent* a verbatim report of what was said to me one day by two Concord residents who knew Thoreau intimately, and called it "The Two Thoreaus." Frank B. Sanborn replied to it, but utterly failed to recognize the true character of my article. I expressed in this article no opinion about the Concord essayist, but gave in their own words, though without quotation marks, what was said of him by two of his neighbors. One of these neighbors was a typical New-Englander, who saw in Thoreau only what he regarded as a shiftlessness and inability to put his time to good uses. The other was an admirer and enthusiast in regard to Thoreau, who had for him strong tendencies to hero-worship. I found it very interesting, and a fine study of character, to get these intimate revelations as to how a man of genius is regarded by those who knew him at close hand through many years.

In fact, I heard so much about Thoreau, and from so many persons, that I came to feel sometimes that I had known him personally. Evidently there was something about him which made a deep and lasting impression on all who knew him. Whether they admired him or not, his personality stamped itself upon their minds, and he lived for them in memory almost as if he could be met at the next corner of the street. I gained this impression of Thoreau alike from Edward Emerson, Sanborn, Miss Peabody, Alcott, and several other Concord residents.

Emerson did not often attend the School of Philosophy, but there was a high-backed easy chair for him, easily reached from the front door of the Chapel; and when the lecturer was an old friend he sometimes slipped into it so quietly that no one observed his coming. There he sat with a look of absorbed attention on his face or one which seemed to indicate that he had forgotten schools and their problems. During the first year of the School of Philosophy he gave a lecture on "Memory," and the second year his subject was "Aristocracy." This last lecture, given in the Town Hall, afforded me the only opportunity I ever had of hearing Emerson. His daughter Ellen sat by his side, and was obliged from time to time to prompt him or to find the right page. During the fourth year of the school a day was devoted to memories of Emerson's life and teaching. I read the essay on "Emerson as a Poet," by Joel Benton, who was not able to be present. The sixth year, 1884, was almost wholly devoted to studies of the genius and character of Emerson. I had the honor of preparing and reading one of the fourteen papers presented during this session of the School.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

(*To be continued.*)

TO A CHILD-WORKER

A wayside blossom eloquent
  Of fostering love through sun and shower,
Torn from its sweet home-root and bent
  To the wintry will of a rough wind's power.
You are that flower, pale toiling child,
  And the wind is the greed of your human kin,
You are young nature undefiled,
  And the wind sings the song of humanity's sin!

For UNITY. LUCIA TRENT.

THE STUDY TABLE

"Arrowsmith"

"Arrowsmith" is no more a criticism of the medical profession than it is of the whole fabric of American life. With the latter as background one cannot expect a great deal from any profession. There are in medicine a few leaders and a few crooks but the vast majority are just as Lewis paints them, often heroic in emergencies, but at other times fanatical when idealistic and greedy when practical.

To those who have the welfare of society at heart the criticisms in this book are most illuminating. But those who seek in it material for special attack upon the doctors should recall what is said of those who live in glass houses. Futility, absurdity and boundless self-deception are not peculiar to the medical profession.

Martin Arrowsmith receives as a boy his inspiration to study medicine from a certain, once pioneer, now seedy "Doc" in his small home town. . . .

The function assumed by the State University and alledged to be demanded by the people of the state is "to turn out men and women who will lead moral lives, play bridge, drive good cars, be enterprising in business and occasionally mention books though they are not expected to have time to read them." Here education consists of an alternation of memorizing lectures and text-books with the passing of examinations. The hard, dull grind of the medical school is broken only by the "co-ed" dances with their "refined tintilations of communal embracing" and the less insipid though more disgusting spree. Then too there are the "at-homes" of certain members of the faculty who hold forth on these occasions with jocose or authoritative platitudes.

To the "medics" two ideals are presented in ghastly and unnatural opposition, research and practice, represented by Prof. Gottlieb and Dean Silva respectively. Both ideals are admirable in themselves but absurd in their denial of the other's validity.

Though inclined to research an early engagement obliges Martin to choose practice and a few years later we find him with his wife Leora established as a country physician.

Too honest to conceal that he drank and played poker (as others did in private), too scornful of buncombe to be a town booster and of hypocrisy to be a churchgoer, too mentally restless to be content with practice as he found it, Martin finally discovers preventive medicine and is completely undone. He is too impatient and too aggressive to be able to arouse anything but hostility or merriment in a community which regards the health officer as either an intruder or a fool. It requires only a little effort on the part of his rivals in practice to make his position unendurable . . . .

Martin is now assistant health officer under the direction of Dr. Pickerbaugh in the small city of Nautilus. Pickerbaugh accomplishes successfully in Nautilus what Martin failed to do in Wheatsylvania. It has been said that Pickerbaugh is the only character protrayed which is peculiarly American. This is probably true for in no other country has there ever been so far as I know a secretary of state like Pickerbaugh. Well meaning, vociferous, muddleheaded, "he believed that because he was sincere, therefore his opinions must always be correct" and to doubt them was to champion sickness and to hate mankind. "What if my statistics aren't always exact? What if my advertising, my jollying of the public, does strike some folks as vulgar? It all does good; it's all on the right side . . . " says Pickerbaugh.

Physicians called Pickerbaugh "socialistic" and point to his free clinic as 'outrageous' but Pickerbaugh has cunning enough not to go too far in his opposition to business interests and so is successful, so successful that he is sent to congress, leaving Martin through honesty and tactlessness to achieve disaster . . .

As pathologist at the group-clinic in Chicago Martin is at first highly delighted. But the dull routine, the atmosphere of this "most competent, most clean and brisk and visionless medical factory" and finally the desire of his chief to direct his researches in the financial interest of the clinic, soon arouse his discontent . . . .

Prof. Gottlieb's splendid gifts of investigation and exceptional culture are accompanied by a tactlessness which far outstripped Martin's. This weakness combined with an opposing stupidity equally collossal of his academic colleagues results in his being dropped from the University faculty.

Prof. Gottlieb then joins the staff of a large drug house but cannot stomach the dishonesty of the business methods and the eagerness of the management to capitalize his incomplete researches.

Finally he is invited to join the staff of a research institute established in New York City, where for several years he works peacefully and successfully. But finally his valuable researches are brought to a close by his appointment as director, a position for which he is entirely unfitted but from which he is soon liberated by timely ill health . . . .

At the suggestion of Gottlieb, Martin is appointed to the staff of the Institute and for a few years all goes well but then Martin begins to feel the pressure of Director Tubbs to produce something which will attract public attention to the beneficent activities of the Institute. This pressure culminates in the untruthful report of Martin's work on a plague-stricken island of the West Indies which brings great but unmerited glory to the Institute and to the disconsolate Martin.

Disgusted with the Institute and exasperated by domestic conditions, Martin now makes his escape to a former colleague who has set up in a shack in Vermont a small serum plant and laboratory. Here a half day of work at serum production provides financial support for all their simple wants and the rest of the time is devoted to research which is entered into with the joyous abandonment of those whose productive power is unhampered by thoughts of utility, of glory or even of achievement. Here the story ends, an unsatisfactory ending to be sure, but could any one devise a better which would not involve the extensive reformation of man and of his institutions!

Perhaps even more important than Martin himself is Max Gottlieb, an older and maturer Martin. As a scientist Gottlieb's work was too recondite to be generally comprehensible. Those who could appreciate and share his intellectual life were few and widely scattered. Loneliness is the mother of bitterness, who begets in turn impatience and scornfulness. Is it possible that a lover of truth shall be tranquil in a world of shams? Is it possible for those who love greatness not to despise that which is of small account? Perhaps possible but how rare, and Gottlieb was not one of these.

Gottlieb delights us with his shrewd and picturesque

criticisms. While still at the University he says to his class,

> The most important part of living is not living but pondering upon it, and the most important part of the experiment is not doing the experiment but making notes very accurate *quantitative* notes—in ink. Before the next laboratory hour I shall be glad if you will read Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" to derive from it the calmness which is the secret of laboratory skill.

To Martin he says "It is a fine system, this education. All what we cram into the students, not Koch and two dieners could learn . . . . " To Martin when he arrived at the Institute he said

> "Succeed? I have heard that word. It is English? Oh yes, it is a word that liddle schoolboys use at the University. . . . " "I will try to protect you from success." And again, "You could claim to be co-discoverer and spend the rest of your life fighting to get recognition. Or you could forget it, and write a nice letter congratulating D'Herelle, and go back to work. . . . Martin, it is nice that you will corroborate D'Herelle. That is science: to work and not to care—too much —if someone else gets the credit. . . . Shall I tell Tubbs about D'Herelle's priority, or will you?"

The marriage of creative genius is an event fraught with exceptional danger. While still a student Martin abandoned a "Co-ed," Marian, for the probationer, Leora, whom he soon married. Leora, the rebel daughter of rural Babbittism, was "vulgar, jocular, unreticent," "indolent and with a relish for competent profanity" but she was also "gallant, full of laughter at humbugs and capable of a loyalty too casual and natural to seem heroic." She was devoted to Martin, understood him with his indiscreet love of truth, his distaste for conventionality, his recurring periods of frantic absorption in research. Neglect was easily borne by her self-sufficient and placid disposition and she was ready at all times to comfort and advise him with sympathy, sagacity and appreciation. Her death of plague left Martin desolate and he soon married again.

His second wife, Royce, was an able and intelligent millionairess, who although fond of her husband failed to recognize that she must ever remain an entirely secondary consideration and that her rich set would inevitably bore Martin to extinction. It was from her rather moderate demands as well as from the scene of his humiliating triumph, the Institute, that Martin fled never to return.

Interspersed throughout the book are innumerable thought-provoking pictures and comments; the victims of Wanderlust, the dramatic ambulance, the "medical pedlar," the smart sets of Nautilus and of New York, the abortive love affair with Orchid Pickerbaugh, patriotism at the Institute, race prejudice, politics in the Antilles, and so forth.

In conclusion let me recommend "Arrowsmith" as entertaining to the casual reader, and a rich mine of suggestion to the more reflective. The picture is remarkably true, although as we all know, nothing, which can possibly be *said* or *written* is ever wholly true.

PERCY M. DAWSON.

University of Wisconsin.

CORRESPONDENCE

GOOD WILL DAY (MAY 18TH)

Editor of UNITY:

May 18, the anniversary of the opening of the First Hague Conference is now celebrated as Good Will day by the over fifty national school organizations affiliated with the World Federation of Educational Associations. On this day, it is to be hoped that the lessons of the Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817 which created our unguarded Canadian frontier will be emphasized; that the story of our return of the Chinese indemnity and of the Bryan treaties will be told; that the children will hear of The Christ of the Andes, of the arbitration by our President of the dispute between Chile and Peru; and of the Geneva arbitration. The pupils should recite Lowell's "Fatherland," and Denis McCarthy's poem, "This Is the Land Where Hate Should Die." It should be a day celebrated more widely than it has ever been before. On the day preceding, which is Sunday, the clergy should see that mention is made of this in every pulpit and Sunday School.

But something more might easily be done which I am recommending to Superintendents in various cities. Let the seniors of each High School compete with each other in writing the most beautiful, and significant message to the pupils of one or more foreign cities, a message of perhaps 300 words. The best one from each senior class should be sent to the Superintendent from the principals and he in turn make the final selection. Then the best of all should be sent to the school authorities of the two or three cities that the writer selects. These would go by mail and be translated and issued to the students of those cities. On May 18, the writer of the finest message should be asked to send it out to Americans by radio and it should be published in the press. Who would not covet the honor of writing such a message to the young people who are soon to be political contemporaries and engaged in co-operation in bringing about a world of tomorrow which shall be far more friendly than was the world of yesterday! Is it not of infinite consequence that our students should develop sympathy and imagination and the power to put themselves in another's place as well as to practice writing good and forceful English? These messages would bring responses and eventually, if the custom were established, it might go far to help bring that better understanding which is the basis for world peace.

What a thrill it would give the students of Nagoya, for instance, a city of 800,000 inhabitants in Japan from one of whose students in a Commercial college I have just received an admirable letter in English, to receive a message from Americans; would not the students of Edinburgh, or of Belgrade, or Toulouse, or Sydney, or Leipsic, love to receive a message from St. Louis or Chicago or Detroit and know that they are all engaged on the common problem of making over the mind of the world, which is sometime by their help to be a far better world?

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

THE CHICAGO TRACTION VOTE

Editor of UNITY:

I am usually so whole-heartedly in sympathy with your editorials in UNITY that I am constrained to write you in reference to your recent article regarding the Chicago Traction situation on which subject you are undoubtedly mis-informed.

The situation is exactly the reverse to what you have it appear. Every socialist and sincere believer in municipal ownership that I have heard of was opposed to the Dever ordinance, recently so overwhelmingly defeated, which had no relationship whatever to Municipal ownership and operation, excepting in the name. What this bill amounted to was really a forty-year franchise extension with the same crew of pirates in control.

The most active advocate of the passage were the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Daily News*, both bitter opponents of Municipal Ownership, the large banks, big business and the owners of street railway security.

No, instead of defeat for Municipal Ownership the recent election was a decided victory and has had a most heartening effect on the real progressive elements for further vigorous struggle for that principle.

Chicago, Illinois. EDW. D. LOEWENTHAL.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

ELEVEN WORLD RELIGIONS WILL UNITE IN CONGRESS FOR WORLD PEACE

For the purpose of bringing the combined influences of the world's leading religious faiths to bear upon the problem of world peace, an international religious congress will be held at Geneva in August, 1928. The first announcement of the Congress was made today at the headquarters of the Church Peace Union following a meeting of the trustees of that organization. The plan was outlined and discussed at this meeting and the trustees voted that a portion of the income from the trust fund set aside eleven years ago by Andrew Carnegie for the promotion of international justice and goodwill through the churches should be devoted to the preliminary organization work of the Congress to be held three and one-half years hence.

Plans already approved indicate that this will be the most comprehensive gathering of religious leaders that the world has ever known. Eleven religions will take part; each of which will be represented proportionately in a World Committee of One Thousand, as follows: Christians (including Protestants, Roman and Uniate Catholics and the Eastern Orthodox), Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians, Shintoists, Taoists, Hindoos, Parsees, Jains, Sikhs.

Each of these religions will be represented by a vice-president. The active work will be under supervision of a conference committee of sixty which will appoint a cabinet of seven members. The officers will be a president of the Committee of One Thousand, a chairman of the Conference Committee, a general secretary.

According to the official announcement the purpose of the Congress is: "To bring together representatives of the World's living religions to discuss the questions relating to international justice and goodwill. To make known the content of each religion relating to these questions. To compare the ideals of human brotherhood and world peace of each religion, and if possible secure agreement on the following propositions:

"The emphasis on human brotherhood as essential to all religions.

"World peace can be established only through the recognition of Universal Brotherhood.

"The religions of the world can cooperate by each working in its own sphere for the attainment of these ideals.

"Adoption of general plans looking toward this end."

It is announced that the members of the Committee of One Thousand will not represent their religions officially "but each will be chosen because of his own fitness to serve on such a committee and because he is a believer in one of these great religious faiths."

As tentatively outlined the Congress will last for fifteen days. The first and second days will be devoted to organization and the delivery of keynote addresses, one each by an outstanding representative of the East and the West, one from the Near East and one from Central Europe. From the third to the thirteenth days inclusive, one day each shall be devoted to an exposition by a leader of one of the great religions on the following topic, "What can my Religion Contribute to International Justice and Goodwill."

The fourteenth day will be devoted to reports of committees, adoption of resolutions, etc., and the fifteenth day to appropriate ceremonies and addresses.

The official languages of the Congress will be English, French and German.

The plan as outlined to the trustees by Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, General Secretary of the Church Peace Union, received general approval by unanimous vote.

The trustees of the Church Peace Union are: Dr. William P. Merrill, Mr. George A. Plimpton, Prof. William I. Hull, Dean Shailer Mathews, Dr. Frank O. Hull, Bishop Luther B. Wilson, Dr. Frederick Lynch, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Dr. James J. Walsh, Mr. Marcus M. Marks, Dr. Peter Ainslie, Dr. Thomas E. Jefferson, Bishop Charles H. Brent, Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Dr. Francis E. Clark, President W. H. P. Faunce, Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Dr. Hamilton Holt, Pres. Henry Churchill King, Dr. Henry G. Leach, Dr. Charles Macfarland, Hon. Henry Morgenthau, Dr. John R. Mott, Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder, Judge Henry Wade Rogers, Rev. John A. Ryan, Dr. Robert E. Speer, Hon. William H. Taft.

UNIVERSAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

Subject of King Gustaf's Annual Thanksgiving Message.

For the first time since the Kings of Sweden began to issue their annual Thanksgiving messages, three hundred and eighty-one years ago, the proclamation of King Gustaf is being widely circulated throughout the entire civilized world. The cause is that this year the royal message is devoted to the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work which will bring religious leaders from all parts of the globe to Stockholm next August, for consideration of practical problems of society, industry and public life.

The history of this annual message dates back to 1544, when the king of Sweden issued, for the first time, a proclamation to the nation fixing special Sundays for thanksgiving and penitence. The institution became annual.

The "Bondagsplakat," as it is called, is contra-signed by a member of the Government. The beginning and the end of the text are fixed formulas. The special message for the year is written as a rule by the Archbishop of the Realm of Sweden (Upsala). The entire document is read on New Year's Day from all pulpits of the Kingdom. The nearest analogy is the annual proclamation given by the President of the United States about Thanksgiving Day.

This year's proclamation begins:

"We Gustaf, by God's grace King of the Swedes, Goths and Vandals, make known; that we have commanded and ordained, according to an ancient and wholesome usage that there shall be observed during the year *1925* four general days of Thanksgiving, Fasting, Penitence and Prayer, and that these should be the Sundays: March 15th, May 10th, July 12th and October 11th; and for this purpose the Archbishop has on our request

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CAN PACIFISM MEET THIS CHALLENGE?

[A Letter to the Association to Abolish War]

Dear Sir:

. . . With all sympathy with what you are doing, safe and secure far away in America, I am in a position where some very grim facts are right underneath one's nose. Take Serbia! They have anointed their king in blood with the murder of the late king; they have attained a position of colossal strength in Europe by simple bloodshed; they own to 6000 houses burned in Montenegro and 3000 Montenegrins murdered in cold blood at different places, practically solitary murders; they possess the strongest army in Europe, if you exclude the black troops of France; they are bristling with armaments. These are not people to whom your literature would appeal; they are semi-savages with the mentality of England 400 years ago. What are you going to do with the savage at your door?

I am sending you a startling paper by Miss Durham which is creating a great sensation here. The more this news is spread in America the better.

Winchester, England. A. D.

[The "paper by Miss Durham" is entitled "Fresh Light on the Sarajevo Crime," and is a statement of the amazing disclosures of Serbia's responsibility for the murder of the Archduke, to the end of precipitating war with Austria.

We imagine that Edmund Burke's statement that an indictment cannot be drawn against an entire people, holds with Serbia as with other peoples. We recall that Serbia suffered horribly in the Great War—see Homer Folks's dreadful tale in his "The Human Costs of the War," pp. 28-98. But we still insist that more silly sentimentality has been poured over Serbia without cause than over any other country in Europe. We agree also that Serbia today is a first-class menace to the peace of Europe. Here is a case where victory was more costly to human welfare than defeat.—J. H. H.]

A LETTER FROM INDIA

Dear Mr. Holmes:

I was very glad to have your letter and to share it with Mahatma (Gandhi). I have tried all this time to find time to write an article for you, but have been unable to. I shall still try, and if I can manage I shall send it.

We get UNITY regularly now, and it is a delight to read it. . . . How we wish we could meet and talk and think together. We are so very near mentally and spiritually—perhaps a meeting may bring us still closer. But so long as things continue to be in ferment here there is absolutely no chance of our getting away from the fire. It would be a great breach of duty.

With much love,

MAHADA DESAI.

The Ashram, Sabarmati, India.

published the following exhortation, to be read in the Churches of the realm."

After a devout exhortation regarding to co-operation among the churches, the message concludes as follows:

"With the object that the Spirit of Christ should reign more fully in the hearts of men and in the lives of peoples, chosen representatives from the greater part of Christendom will gather in Stockholm, after profound preparations during several years, for the *Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work*, in August, 1925, if so be God's will. The Lord make His face shine upon the meeting so that the way may be discerned and the will strengthened with one accord to walk in the way of love. May the Church and congregation of Christ in our land help in the undertaking with faithful prayer.

"The thoughts and efforts of men are powerless. But God's strength is made perfect in weakness.

"So let us then all, young and old, men and women, who are settled, live and dwell in the realm of Sweden, free ourselves from daily cares, and, whatever else may divide us, humbly considering how we fill our duties as citizens, men, and Christians. Let us all, on the appointed general days of thanksgiving, fasting, penitence and prayer, go up into the House of the Lord, that together we may contemplate His Holy Word in the texts appointed thereto, with Prayers and Thanksgivings.

"In faith whereof we have signed this with our own hand and caused it to be corroborated with our royal seal."

The document is signed in the Royal Castle of Stockholm by King GUSTAF, with his name and with the royal seal and contra-signed by the *Ecklesiastikminister* (Minister of Cults and Public Instruction), Olof Olsson.

American Section
UNIVERSAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE
ON LIFE AND WORK.
70 *Fifth Avenue,*
New York City.

AS GOD IS TO ME.

God to me is as the sea
To the spray, sparkling, free,
Flung an instant in the air,
Catching rainbow colors there
From the golden sun.

As the organ to the key,
So, it seems, is God to me;
As the wind-harp to each string,
When the breeze goes loitering
Or the strong winds run.

God to me is as the rose
To the petals that unclose
In a beauty not their own,
Into beauty not alone
But together—one.

—*Hugh Robert Orr.*

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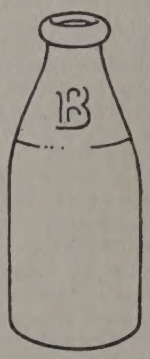

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